

The Monthly Musical Record.

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SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE DUETS.

BY FR. NIECKS.

WHILST the first of Schumann's pianoforte pieces for one performer is the least valuable, the duet which is foremost in time is also foremost in excellence. The works for one performer show a constant progress towards greater perfection and significance up to 1838, in which year Schumann composed the *Kinderszenen* (Op. 15), *Kreisleriana* (Op. 16), and *Novelletten* (Op. 21). The fruits of the preceding year—the *Phantasiestücke* (Op. 12), and *Davidsbündler* (Op. 6)—were hardly less fine. But already, in the year 1839, a diminution of that splendour of imagination, that fulness of feeling, and that youthful ardour which illumined, enriched, and warmed his earlier works, is noticeable; although the pieces composed in this year—the *Arabeske* (Op. 18), *Blumenstück* (Op. 19), *Humoreske* (Op. 20), *Nachtstücke* (Op. 23), *Faschingschwank* (Op. 26), and *Romanzen* (Op. 28), &c.—are all of them delightful compositions. Henceforth the composer chose other media of expression, and wrote for the pianoforte alone comparatively rarely. Where he associates other instruments with it, he accomplishes great things; but where he does not, his works, with a few exceptions, do not attain the excellence of his earlier ones. Schumann seems to have got tired of, or, I should rather say, dissatisfied with, the piano; for three years pass before he writes again for this instrument, and then he must have two pianos ("Andante and Variations," Op. 46, of which I intend to say a few words before I close this notice). After this, we follow the composer's track for several years without coming on a noteworthy work for the pianoforte—in fact, without coming on anything of this kind, except a few stray pieces which he afterwards collected in the "Leaves of Different Colours," and in the "Album Leaves." The fugues form a class by themselves; I, therefore, overlook them in this survey of Schumann's romantic pianoforte compositions. The first important pianoforte work which comes in sight after the "Andante and Variations," is one of the four series of pieces which Schumann wrote for two players on one piano. Their names, in chronological order, are—*Bilder aus Osten* ("Oriental Pictures"), Op. 66, composed in 1848; *Zwölf vierhändige Clavierstücke* ("Twelve Pianoforte Pieces for four Hands"), Op. 85, composed in 1849; *Ballscenen* ("Ball Scenes"), Op. 109, composed in 1851; and *Kinderball: Sechs leichte Tanzstücke für vier Hände* ("Children's Ball: Six easy Dance-pieces for four Hands"), Op. 130, composed in 1853, the last year of Schumann's productive activity.

The pianoforte duet literature was rather meagre when Schumann wrote his works, and, even at the present day, we cannot boast that it has grown very rich. Still, we are much better off now than people were thirty years ago; and for this we have in some measure to thank Schumann, who set other composers a good example, and gave them charming models of desirable home-music. And, further, they are also excellent specimens as duets. They were not only written down as duets, but really conceived as duets: they cannot be arranged for two hands without losing most of their rich colouring, and much of the expressive detail of their drawing. This is more than can be said of most duets, which, often enough may be played by one instead of two performers, without

any other difference than in the degree of noise produced. Of this more by-and-by.

The *Bilder aus Osten* will occupy us first. This series of pieces consists of six impromptus, which possess almost all those qualities which distinguish the pianoforte works of the first period of Schumann's career as a composer—brightness of imagination, deep-seated tenderness of feeling, passionate force, and kindly humour; only they do not appear here quite so exuberant, so youthfully fresh; the brightness begins to be mingled with more sombre hues—hues peculiar to his later period, and which predominate in his "Manfred" and in his E flat major symphony. The form of these impromptus is beautiful and concise. In this respect they are nearest allied to the *Phantasiestücke* and *Kinderszenen*; in other respects, they may be compared to the *Novelletten*, so gorgeous is their appearance, so full-voiced and touching the expression of their rich emotional contents. Let us now take up these pieces one by one, and look at them a little more closely.

The first impromptu, more than any one of the others, justifies the title of the *opus*. There is a peculiar luxuriance about it. The sounds captivate our senses like fragrant odours. Light-winged motions, soft murmurs; and floating and dancing on these, as on a now smooth, now rippled liquid, a melody, playful, caressing, longing, and frolicsome by turns (No. 1, a, b, c, d, e, f)—all this transports us into a state of mental intoxication, culminating in visions of heart-swelling beatitude (No. 1, g).*

No. 1.

This is ecstasy, not, however, that of the pale-faced, hollow-eyed ascetic, but the ecstasy of one to whom the sensuous world, with all its beauty and significance, has revealed itself as a manifestation of the spiritual. Massive harmonies, with their magnificent melodious upheavings and down-swoops, come rolling on one after another, and submerge our whole being. And when the flood subsides, and the vision disappears, we find ourselves once more in the beautiful reality of the composer's dream-land; from the stage on the stage, as it were, our attention is called back to the stage—for once more we hear the rushing and murmuring, see the floating and dancing, feel the longing, playfulness,

* In order to save space, some of the illustrations (Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 6, c) have been taken from Pauer's arrangement for two hands, and the quotations from the original (Nos. 5 and 6, a, b) placed on two lines. No. 1 shows only a few jottings.

caressing, and frolicsomeness. All this is so distinctly Schumannish, that no one in any way acquainted with this master's works, although a stranger to this one, could fail to guess the true author.

The following piece is, perhaps, even more characteristic of the man, and forms a good specimen of his transcendentalism of feeling.

No. 2.

Quasi andantino e molto cantabile.

The two principal voices intertwine lovingly like tendrils of the vine (No. 2, *a*). It is a love-sick complaint, mingled with deep-fetched sighs (No. 2, *b*), which tell us of a mutual attraction, of an irresistible longing.

Schumann might have saved himself the trouble of writing above the third impromptu, "Im Volkston," for do we not hear a whole multitude shout lustily in the eight-bar theme which opens the piece (No. 3, *a*)? What follows gives one the impression of an *intermezzo*—it is dance-like. The sportive motive (No. 3, *b*) is bandied about, till at last it is interrupted by a meditative phrase. After this the dance-rhythm strikes in again, but is soon dislodged by other elements which lead back to the repetition of the first theme, now differently harmonised, also melodically slightly changed, and with a perfect close in D flat. A *coda*, full of joyous excitement, and interwoven with tender passages—which, however, are always soon drowned in the lively bustle that pervades this part of the impromptu—brings the piece to a conclusion. With regard to details, I should like to draw the players' attention to the bold harmonic progression (C minor, C major, third inversion of the chord of the dominant seventh in D flat, then again C major); also to the obstinate A flat of the bass on the recurrence of the first subject; further, to the piling up of tone-waves in the *coda*: only the composer does this sufficiently himself, and remembering this, I shall pass on to the next number.

No. 3.

Semplice quasi canto popolare.

The fourth impromptu is charming at first sight, and grows dearer the longer and the better one knows it—in truth, a real gem! Instinct with innocent purity and trustful devotedness, touching, in its unpretending simplicity, it could not be described by analysing and dissecting it.

No. 4.

It is like one of those persons who captivate you, and whom you call lovely, amiable, good, what-not, but whose power of charming you are unable to trace back to the elementary qualities which constitute it. In short, these qualities can only be felt in their combined effect, but cannot be specified; or, if specified, the labour appears useless, as it is not the qualities singly, but the *tout ensemble*, which produces the peculiar effect.

The next impromptu is pre-eminently vocal. I would describe it as a manly song, that tells a tale of action and of out-door life. I imagine I feel a whiff of mountain air and the freshness of a sea-breeze in it (No. 5, *a*). The F major section in $\frac{2}{4}$ time (No. 5, *b*) contrasts, by its graceful motions, not without coquetry, and its sweetness of sound, with the ruggedness and stalwartness of the preceding and following section in F minor and $\frac{6}{8}$ time.

No. 5.

Vivace.

1st player.

2nd player.

None of the group of composers which followed immediately after Beethoven—for instance, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others—possessed that healthful strength which at times bursts forth from Schumann's spring. They possessed this as little as humour. But real strength, let it be understood, is not produced by material means—by trumpets, trombones, and other heavy artillery in the orchestra, nor by handfuls of notes on the piano. Nay; it lies in the nature of the thought. Of Beethoven one may confidently assert that, with simple means, he has obtained greater power than other composers with all imaginable resources of instrumentation: a power that does not deafen, but dwarfs the hearer, showing him his littleness, and teaching him humility and reverence. Schumann has not this highest kind of power, that distinctive mark of the hero; still he possesses, as I said, a healthful strength which distinguishes him from his contemporaries, and which has its root in thought. That, on the other hand, Schumann has also his weaknesses, and is often far from healthy, shall hereby not be denied.

The sixth and last impromptu, with the superscription, *Reuig, andächtig* ("Repentant, devotional"), opens with solemn chords, that rise and fall in melodic

sequence. They have the sonority of the organ, and the style of the first bars is characteristic of that instrument, which, indeed, is imitated so well, that one loses sight of the piano and everything about it, and thinks one is in church (No. 6, a). The sinner, at first bent down by the greatness of his sins, ventures to raise his head and look hopefully upward (No. 6, b); his prayer becomes more urgent, but also more confident. Once more he views his miserable condition, and then breaks out into a loud *Gloria in excelsis Deo* (No. 6, c). Calm and peace return to him; He who is all Goodness, all Love, has comforted him. And now appears once more that lovely melody from the fourth impromptu. It is like the soft *postludium* which the organist plays whilst the congregation, before leaving the church, kneels down for a moment in silent contemplation.

No. 6.

Pentito e divoto.

1st player.

b.

poco a poco più animato.

ff

8va.....

ff

sf

sf

coll ottava.....

his.

veloped personality; that, as he had set himself the task of writing for children, he could discharge it only by laying aside and forgetting much that he knew and felt—in short, by being a child among children. He had to keep within the narrow sphere of thought and feeling in which childhood is passed, and to confine himself to descriptions of externals, and to superficial and passing emotions. So, instead of having cause for complaint on account of monotony or want of depth, we shall find, if we look at the matter in this light, that we ought to admire the wealth of imagination, and the insight into human nature, which enabled the composer to produce on so narrow a field such a variety of delicious fruits. Still, it is with music written for children as with the children themselves. The distinctions between child and child are not so great as the distinctions between man and man, character being only gradually developed from within, and impressed from without.

Several of the twelve pieces are almost wholly concerned with outward circumstances. This may be said of the pretty "Birthday March," with its pleasant air of miniature festivity; and of the grand glittering "Tournament March," suggestive of the pageantries of chivalry. To this class belongs, further, that clever *jeu d'esprit*, the "Bear Dance." How well the scene is hit off! You think you hear one of the widely-cultivated artists who sometimes travel in the company of master Bruin and his tutor, and who play on a flute, violin, big-drum, and a few other instruments at the same time. The "By the Fountain" may be appropriately called a sound-picture—the gushing and dripping of the fountain, with the *crescendos* and *decrescendos* produced by the play of the breeze with the water, no one can fail to recognise. Still, it is more than that: it tells us more than the prettiest fountain in the world could tell us. The fantastic "Croat's March" is rhythmically very piquant, and a capital illustration of that unkempt *soldateska*. "Hide and Seek" is most charming, and the "Ghost Story" as characteristic as musically interesting. The remaining numbers, and along with them one may also include the last-named piece, describe rather inner states than outward circumstances. The most prominent of them, in this respect, are the "Garden Melody" and the "Evening Song." The "Garden Melody" is full of feeling, and in this, chaste, youthfully tender, and childlike. The serenity of "Garland-wreathing" and the "Ring Dance" refreshes one. These two pieces and "Mourning" are lovely, and, like children's faces, smooth and round; that is to say, they please, but do not affect us very deeply.

To allude once more to the similarity of the "Album for Youthful Players" and these duets, one may say that the latter were written for children a little older than those for whom the Album was written—perhaps as much older as the duets appeared later than the Album. A comparison of the two works is very interesting, as an illustration of the similarity of character which exists between them. I will give one instance—the "Garden Melody" (No. 3 of the "Twelve Duets") and "Reminiscence" (No. 24 of the "Album for Youthful Players"). If I used the words, "written for children," they were not intended to imply, "not for grown-up people," but simply, "intelligible to children." In my memory I have noted down, as especially fine, the "By the Fountain," "Garden Melody," "Hide and Seek," "Ghost Story," and the exquisite *Abendlied* ("Evening Song")—that outpouring of thankful heart! It is a song without words (to use a much-abused term), breathing forth nothing but heavenly calm and peaceful happiness. This "Evening Song" exists in all sorts of arrangements—for one performer on the piano, for violin and piano, for violoncello and piano,

In the list of compositions made by Schumann himself, we read:—"10—15 September: two books of piano duets for youthful players (six pieces); 27 September—1 October: two other books of piano duets for youthful players (six pieces), Op. 85." It may not be uninteresting to compare the wording of this entry of Schumann's, where the expression *Kinderstücke* (pieces for children) is used, with what we read now on the title-page of this *opus*—namely, "Twelve Pianoforte Duets for Players of All Ages." Indeed, these twelve duets remind one in many respects of the earlier work, the *Jugendalbum*, which was written a year before, namely, in 1848. To begin with externals: there is a similarity in the names of the several pieces which make up the two series. The "Tournament March," "Croat's March," "Garland-wreathing," "Ring Dance," "Ghost Story," "Mourning," &c., of the latter, recall the "Soldiers' March," "Horseman's Song," "Reaper's Song," "Harvest Song," "Old Bogie," "First Loss," &c., of the former work. Then there is also a similarity of contents. But here we must keep in mind that Schumann had to take up another stand-point than that of his own intellectually de-

for a voice and piano, for the organ, and who knows for what not? This is a sufficient proof of its popularity; and in this case, at least, excellence is combined with popularity. Why do these two, popularity and real excellence, go so rarely hand-in-hand? What are the conditions which insure both for a work?

(To be continued.)

CARL TAUSIG.

FROM "DIE GROSSEN PIANOFORTE-VIRTUOSEN UNSERER ZEIT." BY W. VON LENZ.

(Concluded from page 85.)

Two years passed; the news that Tausig was to come for the concert season before Easter aroused the greatest interest in the musical world of St. Petersburg. It was the March of 1870. I went at once to see Tausig in the Hotel Demuth, where he was living. He greeted me most heartily, but nevertheless I found his whole nature altered: a cloud hung upon his features: he was no longer cheerful.

"I see you forgive me for not having been to see you," he said, courteously. "I pay no visits, and only leave my hotel to go to my concerts, where everything is prepared, and I have only to seat myself at the instrument."

When offering me a cigar, he said, smiling sadly, "They are the same." I began immediately to talk on every-day topics; some instinct made me do it, though I cannot say why. It seemed to please him, however, for he got up directly, and said, "I must play you your *Invitation*." He only played those passages which in Tausig's edition of the piece have a *moto contrario* in the left hand. I was amazed at the free *virtuosity* of his execution in a work so well known to me.

"If it amuses you," he said, "I can play it quicker still," and he rendered the double passages still more *pianissimo*, and in a fabulously *prestissimo* tempo, and then got up. But his manner was not in the least natural—it was forced. The artist was evidently depressed. At my request he played the whole piece with his arabesques, as this arrangement is called. Weber wrote the "Invitation"—one of the most widely-known pieces of the pianoforte repertoire—at least some fifty years ago, yet it is still young! I regard it as the most remarkable and most graceful piece in rondo-form, without accompaniment, that we possess. This hearty and at the same time peculiarly brilliant inspiration, is on an equally familiar footing with the family circle as with concert-rooms. Still, if it is to appear before a few thousand auditors, it is but right that it should put on a ball-toilette, and appear in the full-dress costume of the modern Olympian concert-instrument which so far exceeds the limited means Weber had at his command. It is thus that Tausig has treated the "Invitation" in his *Variante*. The *cantilena* which Weber has marked *wiegend*, and the accompaniment of which he has put in the middle of the pianoforte, Tausig has transposed lower for a bass voice, which is suitable to a man making a declaration of love to his partner, like an *a parte*, whilst Weber has made the charming *cantilena* appear more as belonging to the whole representation.

The part in Tausig's rendering of the "Invitation," which seemed to me to possess the highest artistic merit, was the *minore*, which he gave as a humorous *intermezzo*. I told him so, and he replied, "It is really very nice of you not to think all this out of place after having

played it so differently all your life. Shall you write about it?"

"Certainly; I shall write about your arabesques for the 'Invitation' all that I have just said; but in my own performance I shall for good reasons keep true to Weber's text!"

He smiled in his old way, and said, "Yes, it is diabolically hard. Look here, while the minor passage is affected by the *moto contrario*, the parquet floor of the ball-room must remain as smooth and shining as a mirror! I have often thought of you as I played it, and to-night I shall play it better than ever. My wings always expand in public; you will see. Now good-bye, and do not come and see me any more, for I have become quite unbearable!" This was a remnant of his good old Berlin humour!

I always go in good time to operas and concerts, when they are worth it. I like to see the contrabasses stretching out their long necks; the wind-instrumentalists rummaging in their boxes; trumpeters and trombonists arming themselves; violinists fraternising! One has one's own thoughts on such occasions. There is something great about an orchestra. It is the *demos* from which all things come, to which all return—the orchestra is the church of the instrumentalist.

Such an important fraction of cultivated humanity ought not to be assembled for a *mere meal*, but only for a *symposium*.

On this occasion, when I arrived more than an hour before the time, we had Beethoven's Concerto in E flat—a worthy banquet! The huge spaces of the *Saal des Adels* in St. Petersburg (*Dvoranskoje Sobranie*) resemble on such occasions a half-lit crypt. Half-lit the room was, but quite full. I had never witnessed such a sight during forty years' experience. I hurried to the artists' room to tell Tausig; but he had not yet arrived, and, in fact, only appeared just before the beginning.

This hall, which has existed since 1840 for the official assemblies of the nobles, is one of the most, if not *the* most, beautiful in Europe. It consists of a row, on either side, of twelve Corinthian columns, in two storeys, gallery included, and of three pillared doorways, through which a few steps lead down into the hall. Between the pillars hang twenty-eight large coronas, and suspended in the air at the top of the room are eight enormous ones. If the acoustics under these circumstances cannot be first-rate, at all events, they are not bad. The room is simply an immense hall for balls and public ceremonies, and the *podium* for the orchestra is always moved into it when needed.

Upon this orchestra the greatest musical artists in Europe have appeared—Franz Liszt; the great singers; Pasta, Viardot, Sonntag (Countess Rossi); also Vieux-temps, Ernst, Sivori, Ole-Bull, and Rubini.

All the principal and official events in the musical life of St. Petersburg have taken place here, where the two Counts Wielhorski led the taste and directed the public understanding simply by their superior artistic knowledge and moral power, thereby leaving a far more lasting impression than if they had effected the same by compulsion; and yet these two unexampled artist-patrons took no official position in music. People crowded round them as though by instinct, by magnetism.

Anton Rubinstein, who belonged to that great musical period, said to me once: "Everything now has become public." *Dat vincula libertas*, I said to myself.

But in any case the public must have risen to that level of cultivation which characterised the hegemony of eminent men, who laboured to promote it from inward motives.

In Tausig's concerts every chair was taken, and even the balcony opposite the Emperor's box, allotted to the Diplomatic Circle, was cleared for chairs. The gallery which ran along the capitals of the pillars showed a compact mass, and the passages between the windows and pillars, row behind row (the last having only standing-room in the window-sills), were crammed with attentive auditors.

Thus was Tausig expected!

If his whole appearance was winning in its modesty, none the less so were the tickets in price, although to German ideas not really cheap : from one rouble for the gallery up to two, three, and five, for the reserved seats. Even on the morning of the concert, Tausig's secretary had sold places to the sum of 3,000 roubles. The whole receipts were double that amount, and this rush lasted through all the concerts. It was the same in Moscow, where every ticket was sold before the artist arrived. Still he was not to be persuaded, after his return from Moscow, to give another concert in St. Petersburg.

When Tausig appeared upon the platform in front of the instrument, which he had brought with him from Berlin, he was greeted with a storm of applause, such as an artist occasionally meets with after a long absence from home.

Then the E flat concerto began. I remarked at once that the artist entirely forgot himself, in order to put himself thoroughly under the guidance of his queen—art—in one of her most noble works ; and fearful were his blows when grappling with the orchestra ! This was his answer to the hardships of life, as they touch the soul of an artist. Tausig played the concerto by heart, like everything else he gave us. He was an intoxicated rhapsodist in the music of the immortal Beethoven. He overcame the difficult passages like child's play. A more brilliant and manly exposition of the fiery rondo I never heard. How this unequalled movement burst over the room ! In the tender second theme, Tausig seemed to say, "That has nothing more to do with me, away ! away !" but in the electric sparks of the passage in C (in the modulation) he appeared to say, "This is for me again." There was, throughout the whole, the greatest delicacy, the most innate refinement. I thought of his words in Berlin : "That concerto is my *spécialité*."

Tausig exactly answered to the description of the work, which the Press, on the occasion of the centennial festival at Bonn, drew so much better than I can (*Kölnische Zeitung*, 1871) :—"This concerto is a truly chivalrous work, but it requires a chivalrous player to be able to prance in all its steel-armoured glory—not a player who would divest it of its shield and armour, and would let it appear, courtier-like, in a silk waistcoat and soft pointed shoes !"

Just such a *preux chevalier* was Tausig at St. Petersburg, though even in Bonn he would hardly have allowed the place of honour to be taken from him. There he would have played *pro Germania*.

Tausig's solo-playing in St. Petersburg extended over the whole repertoire, from Bach and Scarlatti to Mozart and Beethoven ; from Field to Chopin ; from Schumann and Weber to Liszt. He was equally at home in all styles, and just to the peculiarities of the most different natures.

Let us in conclusion sum up the qualities of this artist, now, alas ! torn from us. His power over *means* was so great, that in that power lay a poetry of its own—the poetry of an easy conqueror over *materia* and *apparatus*. His talent for the strict style (fugue and imitation) was unique of its kind. He gave the fugue and all that belongs to it with the most charming treatment of the

gallant style ; his clearness in all the parts, and the *nuances* of his touch, made this sphere popular, and in fact universally comprehensible, universally pleasing. One stands in the fugue before the *letter* into which one has to carry the spirit of art, not of the *individual*—subjectivity in art in its narrowest sense.

If Tausig in theory placed the *individual* below the *artist*, life below the necessities of art, in the fugue he was quite in his element.

Tausig was master of the whole arsenal of utmost possibilities displayed in Liszt's compositions, and he was a perfect representative of Chopin's muse. Therefore, taken all in all, he was one of the most remarkable *virtuosi* that ever lived—an infallible conqueror at the piano-forte.

Ave ! anima pia ! Te ! amicissimum sodalem.—Mori-turus salutat !

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

If it were in accordance with the present design, it might be shown how that the entertainment of opera in London has ceased to be what it was formerly—an attraction for the members of Society, and for those beyond the borders of the magic circle, who could meet on this common ground and take delight to breathe the same air and "assist" at the same performance. The truth of the matter may be told in a few words, namely, that the present season has been even less successful as a commercial venture than the former ones, and that, judging by results according to the usual plan in business, it can be stated that those who have, or might be supposed to have, particular interest in the speculation have to a great extent withdrawn from the venture, and that therefore the subscription, the backbone or framework upon which a manager builds his superstructure, is considerably less at each house this year than heretofore. On the other hand, it is whispered that this calm is only the prelude to a *grand coup* intended to be made either next season or the one following, according to the terms of which both Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres will be open to employment for other entertainments than Opera, and that the long-neglected money-eating structure on the Thames Embankment will be at last completed, and devoted to the production of opera according to a plan hitherto unsuspected or impossible in any other city or in any other place in the world with or without a subvention. Who it was that originated this device or plan is not yet made known, but so long as it does not deprive the public of the pleasure of hearing their favourite singers, the public will be for a time indifferent as to the locality where they are heard, and for the rest can afford to wait. It is time some reform was effected, as the whole character of the performances of operas needs special and speedy revision. At Covent Garden Theatre the early part of the Season was made remarkable only for the fact that the stage was converted into the trial ground for inefficients, both male and female, the only new arrivals of any consequence being Mme. Cepeda and Mme. Adelina Patti, the latter of whom brings no new charm to compensate for the diminishing power of her voice, and the remarkable, because now more *prononcé*, character of her style. She has not yet played any new parts, but has attracted large audiences by her performances of familiar characters. The chief novelty in the way of Operas, *Paul and Virginia*, in which Mlle. Albani and M. Capoul were the representatives of the name parts, is a failure—the music not being very striking for its beauty, and the principal performers exhibiting among the disadvantages of having to sing uncongenial music and to act parts

which, according to their reading, would have been better assigned to the class of performers who are usually engaged to play melodramatic characters at the Victoria Theatre.

The other *débutante* of importance, Mme. Cepeda, who has appeared in such parts as *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Valentina* in the *Huguenots*, would be worthy of success in any theatre in any city. For that of Covent Garden, as representing London, we can only regret that she has so long delayed her appearance in this country, in order that the freshness of her voice and clever singing might have been enjoyed when they were more capable of enjoyment. The like might be also said of Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, who performed the last-named character for the first time to a metropolitan audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. She is a very fine dramatic singer, with a good knowledge of stage business, and, although not remarkable for personal charms, possesses a distinct capability of fascinating her audience. The most extraordinary power—regarded from a dramatic, vocal, or attractive point of view—was unquestionably the performance of Mlle. Minnie Hauk as "Carmen," an opera which was produced on June 22nd. It is the work of Georges Bizet, a musician of great promise, who died in 1875, in the 36th year of his age. *Carmen* is founded upon a novel by Prosper Merimée, and depends for its main interest upon the adventures of a cold, heartless, cruel, saucy, fascinating, and accomplished gipsy girl, who, for the mere enjoyment of the tortures her charms provoke, excites the passion of love in a poor fool of a brigadier, who, to please the worthless girl, connives at her escape from jail, suffers imprisonment himself, deserts his regiment, neglects his mother, despises a pure-minded girl who loves him truly, only to be rewarded with the assurance that she prefers a bull-fighter, and, while waiting for him to come to her in triumph from an encounter with a bull in the arena, is stabbed to death by the maddened, reckless, and jealous fool. The music is delightful, full of a character presumed to be Spanish, well scored, and highly dramatic. The opera is well placed upon the stage, scenery and costumes being alike elegant and picturesque; but even had it been only indifferently mounted, the acting and singing of Mlle. Minnie Hauk would have made it remarkable, and would have secured for it the proud position of being the rage of the town.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ENGLAND has been careless of her musical reputation. Neither Broadwood, Collard, nor Erard (London) has exhibited; only three makers—Hopkinson, Brinsmead, and Wormum—have shown grand pianofortes, and about eight other makers have sent cottage pianos of the ordinary type.

One violin-maker alone has sent specimens of his work, and he is Mr. Chanot (a Frenchman), the well-known maker of Wardour Street.

The only organ exhibited is a little instrument by Mr. Brown, of Kennington Road, with two manuals and two stops, called the Student's Organ. This useful and cheap instrument can hardly be said to represent our great national reputation as organ builders.

Only two makers of harmoniums are represented—Mr. Bauer, of Tottenham Court Road, who exhibits two instruments, and Mr. Hillier, of King's Road, Camden Town, who sends one. These three instruments are, however, fine specimens of their kind. Only one wind-instrument maker appears—Mr. Wallis, of Euston Road,—who sends flutes, flageolets, &c., of a serviceable and cheap, but not advanced type.

Mr. Lachenal, of 4, Little James Street, Gray's Inn Road, shows some good English concertinas.

Against this very shabby representation of our country is matched all the finest pianos and wind and string instruments which France can turn out. Also most excellent specimens of grand pianos from Belgium, Austria, Russia, Poland, and Norway; Austria sending a splendid show of military instruments and string instruments as well. Under these circumstances our national pride must not be hurt if we do not come out well in the list of awards. The jury is capitally constituted. The best pianos were tried by Liszt, while Mr. Hegar (the "Broadwood" of Switzerland) is an expert at the mechanical construction. Mr. Armingaud, one of the French jurors, is a violinist and an expert at the relative merits of their construction. Mr. Thibouville-Lamy, one of the finest instrument makers of Paris, is well up to any question on the merits of brass and wood wind-instruments. M. Gustave Chouquet, the Director of the Museum at the Conservatoire at Paris, is an able judge. Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, is also well known, while Mr. Vervotte and Dr. Stainer are organists capable of giving an opinion of all instruments of that kind; America is represented by Mr. Berend, and M. Gevaert (president) is famous through the world of music for his very general knowledge and research. So that altogether it would have been difficult to have selected a better set of jurors, or to have secured the means of giving fair and just opinions of the things brought before their notice.

JUD BROWNIN'S ACCOUNT OF RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

(From "The Music Trade Review," New York.)

"JUD, they say you heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York."

"I did, in the cool."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornered pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peard to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leadle'd a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodle'd some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'I, 'What sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage."

"Now, I says to my neighbor, 'he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

"But my neighbor says, 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Rubin was beginnin'

to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze blew gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'That's music, that is.'

"But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blew my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a snivlin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as Tucker. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and he tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Pearch to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afear'd of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he give 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jump't spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"'Go it, my Rube!'

"Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me.'

"With that, some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune agin. He hopt-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the keyboard. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * *

Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweet'd with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much oblieged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me.'

"He stopt a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stomp't on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, thro' the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard tw'o'd, he cro'st over first gentleman, he cro'st over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty'-leven thousand double bow knots.

"By jings! it was a mixtry. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine-pences, glory, ten-penny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Jerossal'm, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle—riddle-idle-idle-idle—reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-lang! BANG!

"With that *bang!* he lifted hisself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'."

"When I come two, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was a breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, 'Hot music on the half-shell for two!' I pintedly did."

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

June 11, 1878.

THE date of the first concert to be held in the "Salle des Fêtes," in the Trocadéro, was fixed for the 6th of June, with the programme as follows:—"Le Prométhée," by Saint-Saëns; "Overture," by Lacombe; "Le Berger," by Duprato; the Septett from "Les Troyens à Carthage," by Berlioz; the first part of the "Désert," by Félicien David, and another composition will be given, the choice of which is not decided upon. The orchestra consisted of 150 executants, and there were 200 chorists. An addition has been made to the original musical plan for the season. On the 17th, 18th, and 20th of July, three grand concerts of English music will be given in the "Salle des Fêtes," by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choral Society, and a French orchestra, all under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan; one counts also upon the co-operation of the Covent Garden Orchestra.* On the 4th of July an American orchestra ("L'Orphéon," consisting of sixty-five musicians, which have already embarked from New York) will give a concert in honour of the anniversary of the "Independance." The musicians of Upsala and Christiania will give two grand concerts in the "Salle des Fêtes," and there will be one Swedish concert of chamber-music in "La petite salle," five concerts by the orchestra of "La Scala" (Milan), under the direction of M. Faccio; three by the orchestra of the theatre "Apollo" (Rome), under the direction of M. Mancinelli; and three concerts of chamber-music by the Palermo Conservatoire from Spain. The Society of Concerts, "Symphoniques," composed of 100 musicians, will give two concerts during the second week of July; also the Quartett Society, headed by M. Monasterio, three chamber concerts. From Hungary the "Tziganes," from Pesth, will play "La scarda hongroise" in the park of the Champ de Mars. Various musical societies ("Orphéons") are expected from Belgium, Holland, and elsewhere. They will perform alone, or in combination with others gathered from the international festivities. The Official French Orchestra will give a concert of Danish music. Societies will come from Holland. The great organ in the "Salle des Fêtes" has been built by the celebrated house of M. A. Cavaillé Cull. Entertainments are also organised this summer in the *orangerie* of the Tuilleries Gardens, for charitable purposes. They will be directed alternately by MM. Arban, and the Hungarian composer, Kéler-Béla. On the 20th of May the "concours" was held at the Conservatoire to decide to whom to award "le grand prix de Rome." The jury was composed of the members for the musical section of the "Académie des beaux Arts," and consisted of MM. Ambroise Thomas, Reber, Gounod, F. Bazin, Keyer, and MM. Ernest Boulanger, Léo Delibes, and Massenet, as deputy-jury. Of the eight pupils who presented themselves only five have been admitted to the "concours." These were MM. Kousseau (second prize, 1876), pupil of M. François Bazin;

Brontin, pupil of M. Victor Massé; Blanc (second prize, 1877), and Dallier (these last two pupils of M. Bazin), and Hur, pupil of M. Reber.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, June, 1878.

DURING the course of the last few weeks the Royal Conservatoire has given seven more public examination concerts at the Gewandhaus, with satisfactory results. At five of these concerts pianoforte, violin, and violoncello soli and songs were performed by the pupils; and at the last two, with the exception of a few *ensemble* and chamber-music pieces, the compositions were the most conspicuous productions of the pupils. The quantity offered renders it necessary for us to confine our notice to those performances and compositions which show the greatest degree of artistic maturity and development. Besides Fräulein Bertha Feiring, from Christiania, whose brilliant performance we mentioned in our last, the following ladies deserve to be named as being first-rate pianists:—Miss Amina Goodwin, from Manchester, whose musical feeling and highly-finished *technique* were conspicuous in her rendering of the serenade and the "allegro giojoso" by Mendelssohn; Frl. Dorothea Grosch, from Liebau, who played the third movement of Hummel's B minor concerto with firmness and brilliancy; Frl. Louise Dan, from Elbing, in the last two movements of Chopin's E minor concerto; Miss Helen Hopekirk, from Edinburgh, in the C minor concerto by Saint-Saëns; Miss Kate Ockleston, from Knutsford, near Manchester, in Chopin's E minor concerto; Frau Olga Baëff, from Tiflis, in the first movement of Mozart's D major concerto; Frl. Lina Ring, from Stabek, near Christiania, in the first movement of Bach's G major concerto; and Frl. Ragna Goplen, from Christiania, in the last two movements of the same concerto.

Of the gentlemen players Herr Friedrich von Schiller, who gave an excellent interpretation of Reinecke's F sharp minor concerto, ranks foremost. We must also mention Mr. Richard Rickard, from Birmingham, whose execution of the first movement of Chopin's F minor concerto was capital. Schumann's A minor concerto, by Herr Stanislaus von Exner, from Radoszyce, in Poland, was an equally finished technical performance, though it gave us the impression that the player did not fully grasp the meaning of the beautiful ideas contained in this splendid composition. As performers of second rank we mention Herr Justus Lockwood, from Bergen, whose rendering of Reinecke's E minor concerto (first movement) showed great firmness and musical feeling; Herr Carl Wendling, from Frankenthal, in Baden, who gave Reinecke's concert piece, Op. 33; and Herr Felix Welker, from Altenburg, in the last two movements of Schumann's A minor concerto.

Amongst the bettermost violin performances was Bruch's violin concerto, played by Herr Ernst Thiele, from Philadelphia, and andante and scherzo by David, executed by Mr. Edgar Courses, from San Francisco; whilst the very best was the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto by Herr Victor Hussla, from Würzburg. Two excellent violoncello performances were given by Herr Hugo Schreiner, from Leipzig (concerto by Lindner), and Herr Max Eisenberg, from Brunswick (andante and first movement of a concerto by M. Molique).

Amongst the productions of young composers we hold the best to be a string quartett by Mr. George Chadwick, from Boston, of which two movements, *allegro* and *adagio* only, were given. In style, form, and contents it contains the best work produced by the pupils of the establishment during the present year. A piano sonata by Herr Hans Schmidt, from Fellin, in Livonia, may be mentioned as being fresh and attractive in work and form, as were also the songs for mezzo-soprano with piano accompaniment by Herr Paul Umlauf, from Meissen. Herr Richard Rickard, from Birmingham, furnished six short pianoforte pieces, some of which were good in invention. In orchestral works the most successful was a serenade in four movements for string orchestra by Herr Edward Schütt, from St. Petersburg; and second-rate, the first movement of a symphony by Herr Iver Holter, from Christiania, and a concert aria for

* The Orchestra will not play in Paris.—ED. M.M.R.

mezzo-soprano with orchestra, by Herr Umlauf. An overture to *Macbeth*, by Mr. Algernon Ashton, from Durham, ought also to be mentioned.

An excellent vocal rendering was that by Fr. Christine Schotel, from Dordrecht, in Holland, of the aria from Rossini's *Semiramide*, "Bel raggio lusinghier." Fr. Schotel has a high soprano voice, of an agreeable quality. She has already attained a considerable degree of finish in florid execution, and she sings with grace and good taste. Fr. Marie Vieweg, from Leipzig, also deserves mention. Her rendering of a concert aria and other songs by Umlauf was very good. Lastly, we must mention Fr. Anna Jansen, from San Francisco, who contributed an aria from the "Folkunger," by Edmund Kretschmer.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, June 12th, 1878.

THE opera opened to the end of the present month, is followed by the very dead season. No music at all; barrel-organs only reigning triumphant in the streets, to the delight of children and servants, as well as to the despair of men who are condemned to stay at home. Travellers, accustomed to spend their evenings, after the fatigues of the day, in the enjoyment of a theatrical or operatic performance, must forego the delight arising from such pleasures, as all the theatres are closed till September; or they must be contented with turning their steps towards the "Volks-garten," or another public pleasure-ground, to hear a private or military band playing valses by Strauss (the "Bläue Donau" of course), or a potpourri from "The Flying Dutchman," "Angot," "Aida," or a march by somebody, or a song by Schubert, arranged for horn or trombone. Here and there through an open window may be heard piano laboured by a student, who plays consistently and persistently the same pieces, day after day, making the same errors in the same places, or a female singer practising scales and solfeggi up and down, like on a Jacob's ladder, dreaming meanwhile on the golden days when she shall be recognised as a prima-donna. These are now the musical enjoyments of the inhabitants of our metropolis, interrupted only by the songs of birds, whose world is their cage.

During the last four weeks two Gastspiele, both with the intention of leading to an engagement, have been given. Three ladies, Fr. Amalie Stahl, Antonie Mielke, and Carlotta Grossi were the candidates; the former, having finished her studies in our Conservatoire last year, went to Madrid, to taste for the first time the trials and triumphs of a stage. She sang in the Italian opera with good result, came back and made her *début* in the rôle of Amneris, followed by Fides. Alto voices are rare, and we are in want of them. The voice of Fr. Stahl is a good one, somewhat feeble in the lower, but strong enough in the upper notes, and sympathetic generally; she sings with taste; in dramatic force she is, however, at present weak. She was well received, and may, perhaps, in due time become a member of the Imperial Opera. Fr. Mielke, having sung three times last year with tolerable success, sought improvement by practising in smaller theatres, and then came back. Her *début* as Elsa was so satisfactory that she was engaged, not because of the excellence of her existing qualities, but because she displayed tokens of a possible improvement. Fr. Grossi, from the Hof-theater in Berlin, is the singer who won the sympathy of all parties. She sang four times, in as many operas, Astridiamante, Ophelia, Bertha, and Gilda, and every part with increased applause. Having sung for years in our old opera-house some small rôles, she was afterwards instructed by Frau Bocholtz-Falconi, Gentiluomo and Alt, by Lamperti in Milan, and Frau Pauline Viardot-Garcia; no wonder that such studies had a good result. She is gifted with one of those rare voices which always will be heard with pleasure; all registers are equally cultivated, the style excellent, the phrasing good; passages gracefully and sweetly given, her taste is excellent, and added to this her face is interesting, and her figure is engaging. Being a Viennese by birth, she was welcomed with acclamation, which she received in a modest manner. As soon as her engagement at Berlin is over, she will settle in Vienna. During the four weeks' quasi-

vacation Wagner's *Walküre* has been produced only once, *Rhängold* not at all, but *Siegfried* is in rehearsal. The tenor, Herr Glatz, is engaged for the title rôle. *Siegfried* will be performed for the first time in October, followed in next January by the *Götterdämmerung*. Rubinstein's *Maccabaei* was once more (for the third time) given. The audience each evening might easily have been counted; the performances offered nothing extraordinary either for remark or comment. The prices for rich people were too cheap, and for the poorer mortals too dear, and, above all, the weather was too fine.

Operas performed from May 12th to June 12th:—*Afrikanerin*, *Lohengrin*, *Wasserträger*, *Maccabaei*, *Robert*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Tannhäuser*, *Weisse Frau*, *Fliegende Holländer*, *Aida*, *Zauberflöte*, *Carmen*, *Hamlet*, *Stumme von Portici*, *Profeß*, *Romeo und Julie*, *Rigoletto*, *Walküre*, *Tell*, *Hugenotten*, *Armida*, *Jüdin*.

Reviews.

The Classic Companion. By E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

A QUOTATION of the title, as set out in full, tells of the nature of the work, its form, design, and, to a certain extent, of the comprehensive character of its contents. It is "a collection of easy and moderately difficult pieces for the clavécin or pianoforte, selected from the works of the most celebrated composers of the 17th and 18th centuries, arranged in a strictly chronological order, partly transcribed, the fingering supplemented, and the whole revised by E. Pauer."

There are fifty separate and distinct pieces in the collection, of varied lengths, and of various degrees in difficulty. They are so arranged that while they stand chronologically in the order of their production, they are also set in progressive succession for the player, so that the first is the easiest in form, fashion, and key, and the last the most difficult. Thus the contents include pieces by Corelli, Kuhnau, Couperin, Telemann, Matheson, Domenico Scarlatti, Rameau, J. S. Bach, Handel, Marcello, W. Friedemann Bach, Paradies, Emanuel Bach, Haydn, J. Christian Bach, Boccherini, Clementi, and Mozart. All these names are sufficiently representative in the history of pianoforte music to justify the aim of the compiler in furnishing "a modest history of pianoforte music by illustrative examples." The first volume, now before us—containing specimens of the genius of the writers above named—brings what may not unfairly be called the preliminary history of clavécin and pianoforte music to the period when a new generation of writers arose, possessing power to write, and instruments to write for. The series in this first volume, which embraces nearly two centuries of art, between the time of Corelli (1635-1713) and that of Clementi (1752-1832), not only shows the growth of the practice of writing for the clavécin, but also the expansion of musical ideas and treatment, and for this purpose the compiler's apology for having introduced specimens of the writings of Corelli and Boccherini, although neither of these celebrated Italian authors composed solos for the instrument, is, to a great extent, unnecessary, as their productions supply links needed for the historical connection if it was desired to include examples of their works. We would suggest in the further editions which are sure to be called for, that the chain might be made equally complete, beautiful, and strong, if it can be arranged to include a specimen or two of the writings of Frescobaldi as one of the earliest composers for the clavécin. His works are well written, melodious, and particularly interesting. It might also be possible to give in the list, examples of the writing of our English Henry Purcell or John Blow for the period represented by Corelli and Kuhnau, not to supersede, but to stand side by side with those masters. Marcello's sonata might be spared altogether in favour of some one of the many beautiful and original compositions by Schobert, published originally at Paris about the year 1741, unless such works as we have suggested would interfere with the educational sequence adopted by the compiler, or increase the difficulty of obtaining works of graduated character suitable for the purpose of showing the historical continuation as far as production and the increasing growth of employed technicalities from time to time.

It is quite easy to perceive how a valuable contribution to the literature of music might be gained in making reference to the examples brought together in the first volume alone, to say nothing of what might be said with respect to the contents of the succeeding volumes. For all general purposes the preface, which has been written by the accomplished editor of "The Classic Companion," as it gives a small amount of trustworthy information, will be perhaps as much as the student requires. The more curious inquirer will have to seek elsewhere for details.

The preface states that the second volume—to be extended by examples into the nineteenth century—contains music not less interesting than that found in the first. The works, representing a continuation of the idea upon which the first volume is based, are drawn from the compositions of J. W. Haesler, Ignaz Pleyel, the Abbé Gelineck, Dussek, Steibelt, Müller, Beethoven, Cramer—the father of modern pianoforte playing, who is represented by two pieces from sonatas little known to musicians of the present time—Woelfl, Mendelssohn, and Berger his master, Francesco Pollini—one of the numerous unknown Italian writers—Hummel, John Field, George Onslow, Kalkbrenner, F. Ries, Kuhlau, Weber, Czerny, Cipriani Potter—the only English musician, strictly speaking, whose works are enshrined in these classic volumes—Ignaz Moscheles, and Schubert. The latter, though last, having been survived by Moscheles, born before him, is therefore in his proper chronological place. Altogether, a worthy and happily-chosen collection of classic contributions to the history of clavecin and pianoforte music, one which tells not only of patient research, but also of considerable keenness of judgment and accuracy of taste, which qualities, independently of those which must arise from a careful study of the music brought into company, must surely have considerable influence in forming, directing, and improving the fancy of the earnest student, and may probably be the means of calling attention to a branch of musical literature which cannot fail to be profitable to the pursuer.

A word or two may here be added upon the less classical but important matters concerned in the production of the work. As the first of these, the special task undertaken by Herr Pauer, besides the trouble of collecting the works, namely, in the addition of the fingering and certain directions for performance, which of course are clear, useful, and practical, or they would not be worthy of the editor. The second is that which he has only to do with indirectly, namely, the engraving, printing, and general "get up" of the work. All these are excellent. As an additional attraction, for so it is, a portrait of "Theop. W. Mozart, Compositeur et Maître de Musique, âgé de 7 ans," copied from that engraved by T. Cook which was inserted in the Hon. Daines Barrington's "Miscellanies on Various Subjects," is prefixed to the first volume, and, as the editor of the present work says, "cannot but be received with undoubted satisfaction." If the merit and utility of any work be a sure passport to popularity, then the "Classic Companion," possessing both these recommendations, must become popular for its merits and useful character.

Concert (B moll) für das Pianoforte, mit Begleitung des Orchesters, komponirt von XAVER SCHARWENKA. Op. 32. Bremen : Praeger & Meier.

OUR readers will have become familiarised with the name of the composer of the concerto now under review from the frequent mention of his name made in connection with his works in these columns. This mention is justified by the excellent, not to say extraordinary, character of his musical mind, which places him so much above the general run of writers, only falling short by a small degree below the ranks of the highest genius. The freedom, fancy, grace, and fire observed in his pianoforte music, and the quartett and other works already referred to in these pages, are present in greater exuberance in this concerto, which, in addition to the qualities specified in relation to other compositions, has also the recommendation of being the first published work for orchestra from his pen we have been favoured with. It has been already heard in public, having been performed by Mr. Dannreuther at one of the earliest of the concerts at the

Crystal Palace just recently concluded. The good impression then and there created is strengthened and deepened by the perusal of the printed work ; and the worthy effort of the composer to be, as well as to seem, original, is altogether deserving of encouragement. It cannot be said that at present Herr Scharwenka has displayed a distinct peculiarity of style other than is the natural outcome of the effort to free himself from the expressions interwoven with his own mode of thought, formed probably by a loving study of Chopin, Schumann, and possibly Liszt. Each of these writers has apparently exercised a considerable influence over the train of his ideas, and considering the similarity of temperament, as expressed in the music, German learning with southern impetuosity, no more congenial companions could be found for a young and enthusiastic writer. But the youth, and earnestness of character, displayed in this work especially make us regard as the more hopeful the effort to be original, and as of a distinct individuality as possessed by either and each of the above-named authors, upon whose works he has apparently formed his style. The concerto consists of three movements, each one of particular value, and the whole forming a work whose interest grows with its progress. The opening movement is an *allegro* in sonata form, but containing an *adagio* which, although inserted contrary to custom, is very effectively and neatly written. This *adagio* is the only slow movement in the work, and as it does not occur as a distinct portion, it shows, with other things, the direction of the mind of the composer towards reforming or contributing a something which shall show an aberration from the ordinary course. The second movement is in B flat, a *scherzo* in character, though simply marked *allegro assai*. It is in the customary Rondo form, with some excellent passage-writing for the pianoforte, and concludes with a coda made out of material previously employed or suggested in the former portions of the movement. It is of greater length than is usual, but the interest does not suffer, and the absence of a fourth movement permits of a little indulgence. The final movement, also in sonata form, is the best part of the work. In it the several ideas of the first movement are brought back and treated in a new manner, with new additions, creditable alike to the invention, the scholarship, and the fancy of the composer, as the remarkable treatment of a fugal passage will testify. It is altogether a brilliant and pleasing work, and one which will certainly enhance the fame of the composer, and give a most favourable idea of his skill as a musician. It is not difficult to see that Herr Scharwenka is more at home in the passages for the pianoforte than he is in scoring for an orchestra, but still in this respect he displays no mean ability, for the passages are well laid out, the phrases are good and effective, and the combinations of tone, though occasionally conventional, are in many instances marked by the like desire to be original, which constitutes one of the chief charms of the work. In the hands of a competent and sympathetic performer the concerto could not fail to be as pleasing to an audience as it would be interesting to the player, while as a means of study for the young writer it is to be in every way recommended, because therein he will find, set down with a firm, loving hand, passages of the most modern form, which tell of the great advance the art of writing and the power of playing music for the pianoforte has attained. For facility of execution, and, in a great measure, for the advantages of study, the concerto is also published in the more available form of a pianoforte duet. In either case it is worth study, and forms a good example for imitation, and to excite emulation in the young composer.

Happy England ; Chimes of Erin ; Highland Breezes ; Dreams of Wales. Four Fantasias, by EDOUARD DORN. London : AUGENER & CO.

So much has been done in the field in which the composer of these little pieces has selected to labour in, that it would appear difficult for any one to find a nook in which the flowers have not as yet been gathered. Selections from the wealth of melody belonging to the English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh people, which shall not be hackneyed or too familiar, are not difficult to make, provided that there is some knowledge of the existence of the store, even if the whole resources are not known. Mr. Dorn appears to have found a "happy corner" of comparatively

unused melodies, and has worked them up into a series of four fantasias called by the titles indicated above, which the teacher will be glad to make acquaintance with, and the pupil, perhaps, not sorry to know. In each part the airs employed are first set forth in a plain and unpretending guise, with harmonies of the least elaborate character; they are then varied by a series of passages as distinctly educational as they are well calculated to form the hands and give brilliancy to the touch of the player. Each set has an appropriate introduction, so that where needed they might be employed as concert-pieces, as well as for the advancement and interest of the student.

Chant du Bard, Le Carillon, The Prisoner of Chillon, and Perles de Salon. By LÉON D'OURVILLE. London: Augener and Co.

THE composer and arranger of these seven pieces is evidently acquainted with all the resources of the modern pianoforte, its variety of effects, contrasted or superimposed, and he has, moreover, a happy facility in conveying his meaning and design, so that they may be permanently, because perpetually, reproduced. It is probable that many purists will find fault with him for his successful attempt to find new effects out of the old means. Their complaints will be doubtless measured in proportion to the success he has achieved, and as everything is legitimate which is not pretentiously unseemly, those who would be likely to detract from the merits of an inventor will, according to the inevitable peculiarity of human nature, also be among the first to take advantage of his discoveries. It is a simple thing enough, and for all that it has been done before, yet it will be admitted by those who hear and those who play that the effects of a harp accompanying the voice, as in the *Chant du Bard*, show as much of the capabilities of the pianoforte and the player as any other piece, of whatever character. Sustained tones, soft and loud effects, give the idea of a wild, impassioned song, accompanied by the harp, such as one of the bards of old might have sung. In *Le Carillon* we have the effect of bells chiming, and then breaking into melody, the well-known national air, "God save the Queen," being the song chosen, and treated with a very pretty effect. The *Prisoner of Chillon*, though less original in idea, is well yet simply arranged in the form of a song without words, the melody in the bass throughout beautifully harmonised, not with mere accompanying chords, but with a second melody in the treble part, quite as interesting and almost as tuneful as the leading theme. The *Perles de Salon*, which consist of four arrangements of some favourite melodies, three selected from various operas, such as (1), the quartett from *Rigoletto*; (2), the octett from *Traviata*; and (4) "In childhood I dallied," from Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmermann*. The third number is Schumann's *Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint*. The whole four arrangements are more difficult than the professedly original pieces, and are therefore better suited for placing in the hands of advanced pupils, or to serve as concert pieces for the profession, for which purpose they are admirably adapted, being well written, requiring nice, delicate, yet daring execution, and, above all, being very effective and brilliant. All succeeding works from the pen of the author of these arrangements and compositions cannot but be regarded with some special mark of attention from those who are willing to welcome any new thinker, or one endowed with the power of expressing old thoughts in new forms.

Little Red Riding Hood (Rothkäppchen), by FRANZ ABT. Op. 526. London: Augener & Co.

THE well-known character of the story of this little cantata, or almost opera for female voices, would of itself secure a welcome for it in its present form, even were the work indifferently done, which is far from being the case. The original poem by Hermann Francke has been aptly rendered into English by Miss Elizabeth M. Traquair, and the music has been furnished by one of the most facile, and also, if the *opus* number of the present work means anything, one of the most fertile among modern melodists, Franz Abt. The music, which is in every respect as simple as the subject demands, consists of nine

numbers, and like the "Rosebud" and "The Little Snowdrop" of Herr Reinecke, serves as a series of jewels in a setting of spoken words, the connecting-string which is to make plain and clear the whole dramatic action. No. 1 is an introductory chorus of the veriest simplicity for three voices, two sopranos and alto. No. 2, Red Riding Hood's morning hymn, a very pretty and very neat melody, to which is added a little chorus, supposed to be sung by the blossoms as she passes by. Next (No. 3) comes a droll ditty from Mr. Wolf (contralto), which is sure to captivate all hearers, especially juvenile ones. No. 4 is a graceful duet for Red Riding Hood and the Nightingale, with a charming strain of melody, and an effective chorus following, with a capitally designed and almost fascinating accompaniment perfectly characteristic of the theme. After a short colloquy with the wolf, Red Riding Hood expresses her penitence in a song (No. 5), at having been so far disobedient as to travel through the wood for the sake of the flowers, and against her mother's warning. She appeals to the guardian angels, who encourage her, and bid her not to fear, in a chorus (No. 6). Meanwhile the mother, in response to a feeling of unrest she cannot define or control, starts in search of her child, asking, in song No. 7, the winds, flowers, and trees, for news of her little girl. The greedy wolf has eaten her, as he had previously devoured her grandmother. But the huntsmen are near, as their chorus tells, and the nightingale, with whom the child had played on her way, tells them the sad story. Rescue and revenge are at hand, the erring little maid and the harmless grandmother are delivered, alarmed but unharmed; and flowers, trees, winds, birds and groves, all unite their voices in a song of joy at the deliverance of their former playmate. As a story, the work is sure to be additionally popular, wherever and whenever the music is known, for its very simplicity happily fits the subject, and the element of popularity always present in Abt's music will secure for it, perhaps, a permanent, and certainly a welcome place, among the class of works to which it belongs.

Altitalienische Canzonettas und Arien für Gesang mit Pianoforte eingerichtet. Von AUGUST LINDNER. Op. 40. Offenbach: Joh. André.

THE second part of this collection of old Italian canzonettas, arranged and selected by Herr Lindner, contains some half-a-dozen pieces, with Italian and German words. They are elegant examples of the efforts of the men of genius of an ancient time, and for their worth as vocal exercises deserve the eulogiums which Herr Stockhausen, of Berlin, himself a singer of no mean fame, passes upon them in the preface attached to this edition of the work. He says:—"For two especial reasons I desire to call the attention of the singing public to the following 'Old Italian Canzonettas and Arias,' which were confided to me by the arranger, Herr August Lindner. First, from their being compositions of an age concerning which, unfortunately, too little is known—I mean the golden age of vocal music in Italy, the age of 'Carissimi,' Scarlatti, Duranti, and Antonio Lotti, between the years 1625 and 1750. Words and melody, spirit and feeling, inspired the composers, who felt that they had to produce music, not mere declamation, as was the case with the first attempt at operas in 1600, nor to astonish the public with 'gorgheggi,' with fireworks of runs and passages, as in the days of the virtuosi; although it is true that vocal agility is required in these songs; but as a means to an end, a conjunction of the language of Italy, so rich in its vowels and tones, with a series of vocal passages fitted to those words, and designed to assist successful execution or practice of the voice. For these reasons these canzonettas and arias will be found a welcome gift, not only to teachers, but also to pupils." An opinion with which we most heartily concur. Those who do not require them for the purposes of study will give them a welcome for the pleasure their melodies bring, and the interest of the quaint devices in harmony and counterpoint which form the characteristics of their accompaniments.

Original Pieces for the Organ. Nos. 11 and 12. By FRANCIS EDWARD GLADSTONE. London: AUGENER & CO.

THE two numbers of the series now before us consist of an *Andante con moto* and a *Postlude*. They are printed, as is

most convenient for organ music, with a special line for the pedal part, and in each the "make up" of the organ stops is suggested so that the player may reproduce as near as possible the idea of the composer in the register of tone required. Regarded as mere compositions, apart from their extraneous value, these two original pieces are highly to be commended. The student can not only derive pleasure from their performance, but also can note with advantage how cleverly the composer has laid out and used his material. The *Andante*, in E flat, is a good example of the use of the Rondo form without being forced so as to become strained and unnatural, but on the contrary it appears to flow without effort immediately the initial bar is passed, and to produce the effect of an *impromptu* from a well-ordered musical mind. The *Postlude*, equally clever, is more scientific in its aim; for the form, though presumably *à la minute*, has much of the old-fashioned style peculiar to that form of dance, a little modified by modern thought as to the style of its harmonies, together with a display of constructive ability none the less satisfactory because unexpected. Thus the first part of the movement which takes the place of the usual *Trio* is a canon *al Sospiro* in the Unison, nearly strict and perpetual, and the second part is employed in playful passages of imitation. The return of the melody is treated as at the outset, without change of harmony. This, at first sight a weakness, is really a strength, for it makes the more forcible the sequence of bold harmonies which is employed as *Coda*. The whole effect is brilliant and thoroughly pleasing.

Voluntaries for the Organ. By J. ANDRÉ. Op. 65. London: Augener & Co.

If it were desirable to make choice of those "better seeming" parts of a production such as the present, and to reject all other not consonant with the idea suggested by a casual study of the written work, then all those of the six-and-twenty voluntaries not written for soft stops should have the mark placed against them as being less genial in character than the remainder of the volume in which they find themselves in company. Herr André is an accomplished writer for the organ—a little old-fashioned in style, perhaps—of the school of Rinck and Schneider, but the best of his genius is towards the expression of the placidly poetical, and not the fiery or the dashing. It is true that the pieces for the full organ, taken by themselves, would be found fully worthy of high admiration, but when placed in juxtaposition with those written to be played *mit sanften Stimmen*, the difference of quality is so marked, and the excellence and superiority of the last-named class so much in advance of the former, that it could be wished that Herr André had written only in that style best suited for the expression of his genius and for the genius of his expression; for although each style is good enough to insure fame for the writer in itself alone, by the one style, or the principle of selection, will he be known to future generations of organists.

Of the eighteen pieces to be played with soft stops, those which are more gracefully written than others, each possessing some distinctly noticeable points, will probably be those numbered 1, 4, 7, 11, 12, 17, 20, and 25, this last being especially worthy. There is a want of continuous power in the *forte* pieces, and an apparent desire to gain effect by chords rather than passages. One or two of the numbers belonging to this category will doubtless, as they deserve, find admirers, but the sweeter, gentler pieces will be received with most favour. The book is set forth in true organ music form, that is, with a third line for the pedal part. The whole is finely engraved and printed, easy and pleasant to read, as far as the character is concerned, and very worthy as organ studies, and useful as voluntaries.

Harmonium Album. A collection of 100 favourite Songs and Airs, &c., arranged in progressive order, by J. Löw. London: Augener & Co.

IT is a manifest advantage to be possessed of a work which shall contain within its covers a collection of some of the most charming melodies ever penned, arranged in a form convenient either for the private solace or the public use of harmonium players. Not alternatives, but actually and solely for that class of musical

practitioners. The general character of the stops required make the work of particular interest for the purpose undertaken, and without burdening the mind of the player with a series of rules or suggestions, which too often serve as a hindrance rather than as a help to the young aspirant for fame or ability, the careful student will find himself led on from simplicity to excellence by a process at once gradual, engaging, and certain. Following a very useful plan, Herr Löw has so ordered his selection of melodies that while they may be available to the finished player for such use as harmonium melodies may be put to, if he in his wisdom shall make selection at random from out of the hundred tunes in the book, the learner, the tyro, the beginner, may, by a steady study of the melodies, be almost insensibly led on through an easy yet fascinating course, step by step, from one point to another, until by the time he has mastered the contents of the volume he finds himself well skilled in the mysteries of harmonium manipulation, and capable of extending his researches into the wider fields of the literature of the instrument. A notion of the comprehensive character of the contents of the volume may be formed when it is said that in addition to a number of tunes more or less national and untraceable to any author, pieces by such writers as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Mozart, Auber, Weber, Kreutzer, Bellini, Hérold, Spontini, Boieldieu, and others, adorn the pages of the work. Some of these are in original or most usual keys, others are transposed for the sake of convenience; and while some are unaltered as to harmonies, endings, &c., in order to fit them for the purpose, others have a few chords or a phrase or so added to bring them within the prescribed limits. They are not likely to be any the less acceptable for that reason, the only subject which presents a doubt on the theme for a question is the naming of the beautiful melody, No. 94, as being derived from Bellini's *Sonnambula*. If it is from that opera it is a matter for regret that it is always omitted in the representations given in England. The whole volume is beautifully and legibly printed, and being ornamental as well as useful, is certain to be well liked with all who make its acquaintance.

Vater Unser für Soli (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Bass) gemischten Chor und Orchester, von ADOLPH TERSCHAK. Op. 163. Christiania. Carl Warmuth.

JUDGING from the pianoforte accompaniments in the present edition it is easy to imagine that the orchestral effects in this work could scarcely fail to be remarkable as well for grace as for grandeur. The expert musician will observe with gratification that the composer, while evidently striving to obtain by simplicity of treatment effects commensurate with the subject, has not scorned to employ devices which give evidence of well-founded scientific knowledge not at all inappropriate. The plan upon which the work is constructed is to a certain extent novel. After a short instrumental prelude, the "Lord's Prayer" is chanted throughout upon a simple chord, the chord of C, the soprani having E as their reciting note, then, as though arising out of the prayer, the bass voice commences an apostrophe by way of gloss, in which his voice is joined by the other principals and chorus. Each petition of the prayer is thus musically and eloquently commented upon, the several sections being made each the theme for a varied treatment, all marked by some special beauty of expression or musical power. The duet, quintet, and chorus belonging to the portion of the prayer, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," is perhaps the most masterly piece of writing in the whole work, as the final quintet and chorus is the most effective. It is altogether a great pleasure to meet with a work so fresh, so striking, and withal so novel. It is unlike the ordinary works of its kind, and cannot, therefore, be judged by preconceived canons. Taken as the earnest expression of deep religious musical feeling it is an example of work which is in every way creditable both to the heart and head of its composer. It therefore is worthy to be widely known, and that the author had some notion of making it as universal as the prayer which forms its subject, is to be inferred from the fact that it is published with a German, Norwegian, and English text. This latter would, however, need considerable revision in order that it might be made available for purposes of performance in this country. Here it

might be suggested that a revision should be made, that the committees of the usual autumnal festivals might be in a position to include it among the works to be performed at their meetings. If given with such advantages as could be then and there obtained it is certain to give pleasure and perhaps profit, for it may not unworthily be called *A SERMON IN MUSIC.*

Richard Wagner-Catalog. Chronologisches Verzeichniss der von und über Richard Wagner erschienenen Schriften, Musikwerke, &c. &c., nebst biographischen Notizen. Zusammengestellt von EMERICH KASTNER. Offenbach : a/M. Joh. André.

WHETHER the musical public is now beginning rightly to estimate Wagner's position in the realm of music, or whether the followers and mouthpieces of the so-called apostle of a new art have nothing to gain either for themselves or for their object, or whether the world is weary of Wagnerism for a time, is no matter for present inquiry. The appearance of the above work calls attention to the subject which, but for it, would have remained in a state of comparative rest for the time being. None but the most unreasoning and unreasonable will deny that Wagner is a great genius, as having indicated a new path, or rather as having cleared the old path of the *impedimenta* which hindered true progress. The majority of his works will live long after his personal eccentricity of thought and expression out of music will have sunk into oblivion, and every scrap of information concerning him and them will be of value to the historian who, in after days, will be called upon to judge of the effect he created in his time. Information coloured with party-feeling, when read away from the influences it was excited by, and by the light of after knowledge, is often very amusing, and to the student of human nature also very humiliating, as testimony of the very small matters men think sufficient to arouse the least desirable passions of the heart, and to make themselves and their fellows uncomfortable and unhappy for a portion of the period allotted to them as for their stay on earth. Of course men will always quarrel, or how are the lawyers to live? but no amount of squabbling ever yet succeeded in obtaining greatness for a man who had no other qualifications than controversial ones. Herr Kastner's Catalogue will show, among other things of Wagner, in whose behalf and against whom as much good ink has been shed as would serve to float a ship of the line, that his industry has been great and his ability remarkable. Moreover, it will serve to exhibit in an uncontested form that, whatever may be said to the contrary, Wagner's thoughts and ideas are among the most popular of the age, for he has called into employment the skill of many men of talent who have wrought earnestly and assiduously to place those ideas before the general public in a form likely to be most acceptable in the way of arrangements, adaptations, and transcriptions of his inventions. From the earliest attempts at composition made as a student in Leipzig, some fifty years back, to the publication of the poem "Parzifal" in the present year, every production of his pen is faithfully set forth in a chronological order, together with certain particulars concerning the character of all the works, their several editions, chief performances, and other matters interesting to be put on record. As far as can be tested, the information so gathered together is, on the whole, useful and trustworthy, and Herr Kastner has not apparently spent his five years' labour of love in vain. This work—the result of his research—a plain statement of facts, gathered together with infinite pains and trouble, is, therefore, likely to be valuable to the adherents of either side, for although the records of controversy are all set forth, the work is by no means polemical. The only statements likely to raise a question, which will tend to provoke remark rather than controversy, are those which refer to the presumed publishers of certain arrangements, transcriptions, and so forth, the list of which is by no means to be accepted as correct. It is scarcely likely that any particular difficulty will arise out of the wrong information here given, for the pieces spoken of will be readily relegated to their true source by those whose interest and business it is, or will be, to know all concerning it for the benefit of those who desire to become possessed of the copies there catalogued; and as they are not likely to affect the leading points of the history of the works themselves as far as Wagner is concerned, it is only necessary to

refer to them as an instance of how even the most careful and laborious editor may be misled. One other defect there is in the book: the statements which relate to English journalism and literature on the subject, for very few of the titles quoted, or the names of the journals referred to, are correctly spelt. This is unimportant for Englishmen, because they can supply the needful orthographical corrections, but it is likely to be misleading for others who accept the statements in other tongues as being as correctly made as in their own.

The honesty as well as the industry of the compiler deserves to be well spoken of. He has made record of all that will tell of the productiveness and mental capacity of Wagner, as well on his musical as upon his literary sides, pamphlets, protests, critical discussions and all, and he has also, as far as he has been able, mentioned every publication and every reference to Wagner by his opponents or others, whether in the form of "Censures" reviews, newspaper articles, or caricatures. Until a better appears, Herr Kastner's contribution will be found useful as a book of reference for those who are interested in the author and his works.

Concerts.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Two more concerts have been given since the notice in the June number of the RECORD, and a third, completing the series, has taken place while the present number was *sous presse*. Remarks concerning this latter must, therefore, be postponed, and the pleasing task of recording pleasure experienced alone be allowed on this occasion. On the 1st of June, at the third concert, Sir Julius Benedict's overture, "Der Prinz von Homburg," was presented, and so well played that the veteran composer, who was present, must have been as delighted as the audience, who, as soon as it was known that Benedict was in the hall, insisted upon his appearance upon the platform to receive their hearty congratulations. In the same programme was an overture no less remarkable as a composition or as a performance. It was the work of the Baron Bódog d'Orczy, formerly intendant of the opera-house at Pesth, where he showed himself as one of the most devoted of the supporters of Wagner's music. The overture now spoken of bears evidence of how sincerely he admires the great reformer, for he has modelled his ideas upon those of his famous prototype. In spite of this, however, the music is clever, dramatic, and well worthy of repetition and further acquaintance. At the same concert the Bird's Song from *Siegfried*, and other items, including some vocal music by Mme. Patay, were given, Dr. Wyld being, as usual, the conductor.

At the fourth concert on June 15, Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony," a work upon the merits of which we have previously descended, in the May number of last year. The high opinion there expressed of its character increases at each successive hearing, and with the exception of the fourth movement, which would have been better for another rehearsal, the performance of the symphony under the hand of Dr. Wyld was very good. To Mr. Ganz was assigned the duty of conducting the chief of the remainder of the items, among other things the new and splendidly-written concerto by M. Saint-Saëns, of which the composer himself played the piano forte part, in a style at once impassioned, expressive, intelligent, and artistic. It was no wonder that the beauty of the work and the fineness of the performance should have so won upon the audience as to excite them to recall the author-conductor again and again. The vocalist was Mlle. Riego.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

"LE roi est mort, vive le roi," which may be freely, very freely, translated, "The season is over, but a new one has begun." Unlike the usual observance hitherto ruling the directors, the concerts which have taken place since the end of the winter season are more or less of a character similar to those with which the musical public is familiar. In spite of interesting programmes, it cannot be said that the performances have been at all equal to the winter series, but on the contrary, music has been so indifferently represented at the Palace that, with one or two exceptions, it would have been as well could a power of silence have been exercised concerning them.

The most noteworthy of the "off concerts" has been that given on June 8 by Max Bruch, on which occasion his cantata, "Frithiof" (Op. 23), for soli, chorus, and orchestra, was given, the composer himself conducting. The chief parts were assigned to Miss Friedländer, Messrs. Henschel and Shakespeare, the German Liederkranz, and the tenors and basses of the Crystal Palace Choir.

From the notes in the programme furnished by Mr. W. Grist, we are told that a memorandum on the title-page of the full score shows that "Frithiof" was performed for the first time at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1864. Leipzig, Vienna, and other musical centres of the Continent, followed in quick succession with performances, the success of which placed the young author soon amongst the foremost of living composers, and, moreover, exercised a most elevating influence upon the musical life of the numberless choral unions of the Continent, which up till that time had in their repertoires but seldom overstepped the limits of little part-songs about "Wine, Love, and Fatherland," and scarcely ever trusted themselves to works with orchestra, which now always grace their programme whenever an orchestra is obtainable.

Herr Max Bruch has followed up his career as a composer of choral works by "Die Flucht der heiligen Familie" (1867), "Loreley" (1865), "Schön Ellen" (1867), "Salamis" (1868), "Romische Leichenfeier" (1870), "Hermione" (1872), "Odysseus" (1873), Schiller's "The Lay of the Bell" (MS., performed a few weeks ago at Cologne with great success), and others. He is commissioned by the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee to compose a choral work for their festival in 1879, and has selected his text from Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The performance will be conducted by himself.

"Frithiof's Saga," from which Herr Max Bruch has selected a few of the most striking scenes for musical setting, is the greatest work of Esaias Tegner, the celebrated Swedish poet, whose name is best known to English readers by his poem "Nathwårdsbarnen," or, "Children of the Lord's Supper," so admirably translated by Longfellow. Tegner was born in 1821, studied at Lund University, became professor of Greek, and was ordained to the ministry in 1842; was appointed Bishop of Wexio in 1844, and died in 1846. Gifted with inexhaustible wit and rich fancy, elegant in diction, a profound scholar, and deeply imbued with the spirit of old Scandinavian folk-lore, Tegner is esteemed as the foremost poet of Sweden.

The leading idea of this remarkable poem is the love of Frithiof and Ingeborg, and it is from the cantos which relate to this love and its troubles that the composer has extracted the material for his "Frithiof."

It is a finely-written and finely-conceived work of art, full of dramatic power and point, well scored and admirably laid out for the voices, and now it is to be obtained in an English version (Peters' Edition, No. 1131), ought to become popular with our many choral societies throughout the land. At the same concert Señor Sarasate played the G minor concerto of Max Bruch, and there were several other items which pleased for the time, but give no reason for making a permanent record.

MADAME VIARD-LOUIS'S CONCERTS.

THE public is indebted to Madame Viard-Louis for a chain of the most enjoyable concerts given this season. New works of an engaging character, performed by a band which, although got up for the occasion, is composed of the best materials in London, so that the task of the conductor, Mr. H. Weist-Hill, to move and direct rightly such a team is one of comparative ease and entire pleasure. At the fourth concert, given on May 28th, the performance of the several pieces was not a whit less striking than any given on previous occasions, and the brilliant character of the "string-tone" was as remarkable as heretofore. This was observed with pleasure in the Ninth symphony, and in the Racoczy March, arranged for orchestra by the eccentric genius Berlioz, while the quality of the wind was almost of equal excellence with that of the strings. The combinations of both powers could not have been submitted to a better test than that offered in the overture to "Der Freischütz," and that the test was passed to the satisfaction of the audience and the credit of the band, the *encore* demanded by acclamation was a pretty sure indication. The performance of the portion of Beethoven's Choral symphony, which was given (the vocal part was omitted), calls for especial commendation, each movement going well, the *scherzo* in particular, and each receiving a large amount of applause. Madame Viard-Louis, as her own contribution to the concert, played Weber's *Concert-stück*, Op. 79, and Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, each being given by her with considerable spirit, and receiving due recognition from the audience, who though few, were fit.

MUSICAL UNION.

M. MARSICK and Mme. Montigny-Remaury were the bright particular stars at the Musical Union Concert on June 4th, when a very large audience was assembled. The first piece given was Mendelssohn's quintett in A, Op. 18, written ere the gifted musician had attained

his majority of days, but while his intellect was in advance of those of the generality of youths whose years were equal in number to his own. With such artists to assist M. Marsick as Messrs. Wiener, Holländer, Hann, and Lasserre, it will be understood that the charming work received full justice at their hands. Mme. Montigny-Remaury played the pianoforte part in the quintett in E flat, Op. 44, one of the best known, because most frequently performed, of the many splendid pieces of chamber music of Schumann. As each artist engaged seemed to be perfectly *en rapport* the one with the other, such an exhibition of united and individual skill was greatly to the gain of the audience, who certainly appeared to be keenly alive to the advantage. An equally beautiful rendering of Beethoven's quartett in A, No. 5, Op. 18, which had not been played at these concerts for nearly eight years, delighted all, and apparently none so much as the players themselves, who, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the work they had in hand, gave such a version as could only be attained under the like most favourable circumstances. M. Marsick, in addition, repeated the solo—a *Reverie*, which he performed at the first concert with no less effect than upon that occasion, and Mme. Montigny-Remaury gave, as her solos upon the pianoforte, a "Pastorale Variée," in B flat, one of the posthumous works of the great Mozart, Schumann's "Papillons noirs," and Heller's "Promenade d'un Solitaire," with what result those who know her exquisitely delicate and expressive playing need not be told.

The concert of June 18th was the most remarkable of the series, and one of special note in the musical season, the pianist being Dr. Hans von Bülow, who, as a tribute of respect and admiration and personal esteem for the founder and director of the union, Mr. John Ella, spontaneously placed his brilliant talents at his disposal. The attraction of his name was great enough to fill the large hall in every part. A new sonata for violoncello and piano, the composition of M. Saint-Steens, played by the great German pianist and the French violoncellist, M. Lasserre, brought with it a still more favourable opinion of the merits of the well-known French organist as a composer. It is admirably written, exceedingly melodious, well harmonised, and full of beautiful musical thought, happily and at times quaintly expressed. Haydn's charming and popularly known quartett in F, No. 82, was well rendered under the leadership of Sig. Guido Papini, Messrs. Wiener, Holländer, and Lasserre playing the other parts. The return of Papini to these concerts is a most welcome event, especially to those who admire his refined style of execution. The beautiful trio in B flat, Op. 97, of Beethoven could scarcely have been better played, for three more intellectual musicians could hardly have been brought together. Such a perfect performance as was given was, of course, fully and duly recognised with a corresponding amount of enthusiasm by the audience. The greatest measure of applause was, however, as was justly due, accorded to the pianoforte solos of Herr von Bülow. These were Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in F sharp minor, Op. 5; Schubert's impromptu in G, Op. 90, and a galop in B, Op. 14, by Rubinstein, one of the most difficult, and, at the same time, one of the most fascinating of his many works. It forms one out of ten pieces, called by the general title "Le Bal," and for contrasts of harmony and distinct character of rhythm, is more than ordinarily original. It could not have been entrusted to more competent or appreciative hands than those of the great player who presented it so admirably to an audience fully sensible of the merits of both artist and composition.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Seventh Concert, given on June 12th, opened with the overture "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," by the conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins, a full description of which was given in the April number of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD, among the reviews of newly-published works. The performance, being under the direction of the composer, could not be anything but satisfactory, and the execution of the work, as well as its reception, proved, if proof were needed, that the conductor was popular with band and audience alike. Following this overture, Alfred Jaell played Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, with all that wealth of intelligence and expressive execution which have placed him high in the ranks of modern pianoforte players. Those who admire his powers were rejoiced to have the opportunity of hearing him once more, and while the Concerto gave him full scope for the display of his abilities, they could not but regret that the programme did not allow of his being heard a second time upon that evening. Those who enjoy the charm which springs from variety were well likely to be pleased with the evening's whole programme, which also included a MS. Concerto for violin, written and performed by M. Wieniawski, who made his first appearance this season at this concert. It is almost needless to say, that having written the work himself, he knew well how to

introduce passages calculated to exhibit the quality of his own playing in its best aspect as well as the capabilities of the instrument and his own accomplishments as a composer. These are good, but not strikingly remarkable, still, for the sake of the playing, the work was well received. The more familiar Symphony in D (No. 7) by Haydn, played with considerable geniality, and the *Overture, Scherzo, Notturno*, and *March* from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," were the other orchestral items in the programme. Miss Emma C. Thrusby, in the two songs by Mozart and Handel, which she had selected, sang very sweetly and with proper and just expression, and was very favourably received. Notwithstanding its interesting character, the programme was felt to be too long, a fault, if it be a fault, not confined to the present concert.

Musical Notes.

M. PASDELOUP'S MORNING CONCERT, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on June 1st, consisted entirely of a selection from Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, with full orchestra and chorus, the principal characters being sustained by Mdlle. Minnie Hauk, and Signori Marini and Rota. Accustomed to the delineation of the story of *Faust* with all the aids of elaborate stage accessories, a performance reduced to the comparatively narrow limits of a concert room might have appeared tame; but whatever the capabilities for such purpose of this "dramatic legend," it was not intended by the composer for scenic representation. The instrumental portions of the work, upon which the composer has lavished the best effects of his genius, were finely played by the band of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the energetic conducting of M. Pasdeloup, and proved most attractive. Particularly may be mentioned the Introduction, or Overture; the Ballet des Sylphes, with its prominent passages for the harp, which was encored; and the Invocation and Ballet of Imps. In default of any personal experience of Pandemonium and the Infernal Regions, the marvellous effects contained in the last scene, with the fearful expressions of stormy and exultant passions in the Chorus of Demons, may be accepted as a realisation of the horrors of the place of *Faust*'s doom. Of the vocal portions, the chanson, "Le Roi de Thule," and the scene, "D'amour l'ardente flamme," were sung with great sweetness and expression by Mdlle. Hauk, the music allotted to Marguerite affording favourable opportunity for displaying her rich and sympathetic voice. Signor Marini, as Faust, sang with care, but was somewhat wanting in animation; while the Mephistopheles of Signor Rota was an admirable and artistic performance.

THE Royal Commission on Copyright, composed of the Earl of Devon, Lord John Manners, Sir C. L. Young, Sir Henry Holland, Sir John Rose, Sir H. D. Wolff, M.P., Sir L. Mallet, Sir J. Fitz-James Stephen, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Farrer Herschell, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., Dr. William Smith, Mr. Froude, Mr. Anthony Trollope, and Mr. F. R. Daldy, has issued its report, which bears materially upon the law affecting musical copyright. At present, the term of copyright in published music is for the life of the author and seven years after his decease, or forty-two years from the date of publication, whichever may be the longer period, while in the case of music not printed or published, but publicly performed, the period of copyright is doubtful, and may be perpetual. As to the maintenance of copyright in some form, the Commissioners appear to be almost unanimous, the only advocate for the substitution of a system of royalty being Sir Louis Mallet. The alteration in the law proposed by the Commissioners is that instead of the present period, copyright shall hold good during an author's or composer's lifetime, and for thirty years after death. On a still more important point, as to the law bearing upon the unauthorised performance of songs from operas and other copyright works (Will. IV. c. 15) under which so many troublesome attempts to levy black mail have been made of late, the Commissioners recommend that every musical work should bear on its title a note stating whether the right of performance is reserved, and, if so, the name and address of the person to whom application is to be made for the necessary permit. This is the best means of escape from what has of late, owing to the energy of certain individuals, become an absolute nuisance. These, as far as music is concerned, are the chief points in the Commissioners' Report; but there is a large amount of matter in the evidence which will be of special interest to all concerned in musical and other publications.

THE Worcester Musical Festival of the Three Choirs will be celebrated on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of September next, the Cathedral organist, Mr. Done, being the conductor. The new works will be the oratorio *Hezekiah*, by Dr. Armes, of Durham Cathedral; an anthem, by Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral;

and a "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," by Sir F. Ouseley, the Oxford University Professor of Music. M. Stanton will be the solo violinist, and Miss Done the pianist; the singers named are Mlle. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss M. Davies, Miss B. Griffiths, and Mme. Patey, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Guy, Wadmore, and Signor Foli; the organist will be Mr. C. H. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., of Gloucester Cathedral; the accompanist for piano and organ will be Mr. Colborne, Mus. Bac., Cantab., of Hereford Cathedral; the Rev. T. L. Wheeler is the honorary secretary, and the Bishop of Worcester will preach the sermon. The leading sacred works will be Handel's *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the "Hymn of Praise," the psalm "Hear my Prayer" (Mendelssohn), the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, and Purcell's *Jubilate* in D; Bach's *Cantata*, "Blessing and Glory," and Mozart's "Requiem," &c. Two miscellaneous concerts in the College Hall will take place on the 11th and 12th inst., an evening sacred concert on the 10th, and three morning concerts on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September, in the Cathedral. The festival will be inaugurated and terminated by grand choral services, the first on the Tuesday morning, and the last on the Friday evening. These services take the place of the balls of the older time.

AT a Welsh musical festival at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, the 15th inst., a composition entitled "Jerusalem," a sacred musical exercise, written by Dr. Joseph Parry for his degree of Mus. Doc., at Cambridge, was performed. Another work by the same writer was given at a second concert, which took place during the evening. This was a Welsh opera—entitled *Blodwen*, or White Flower. The libretto was written by the late lamented "Mynyddog." The English version, by Professor Rowlands, proves that the subject is well adapted for dramatic treatment. Dr. Parry possesses an easy flow of melody which is sustained throughout this opera, as is shown in several numbers, especially in the duet between Sir Howell and Blodwen, "We come from the Home of the Eagle;" the chorus following the marriage scene, the pursuers' chorus, and the finale, all exhibit good musical feeling. The reception accorded to the opera was most enthusiastic, and to this success the Welsh ladies and gentlemen who acted as soloists, the South Wales Choir, and the Alexandra Palace band, conducted by Dr. Parry, largely contributed.

MR. MAPLESON, of Her Majesty's Theatre, has taken a seven years' lease of the New York Academy of Music, to give Italian opera annually, during the months of February and March.

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